

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF

Mr. JOSEPH WILLIAMS: 7

Some of which have been before published
under the Signature of

C L I O.

Fly, winged Fame—proclaim from East to West,
That CLIO's soaring Muse is gone to Rest!
Melodious Muse!—the Sweetest of the Nine:
The foll'wing Pages prove the same Divine.

THALIA.

SHREWSBURY: Printed by T. WOOD;
And Sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

M, DCC, LXXXVI.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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MR. JOSEPH WILLIAMS:

Some of which have been before published
under the Signature of



The following Signs prove the same Division.
Metre: Mark!—the Seventh of the Nine:
That City's leading Sign is seen to East!
By various Names—proclaim from East to West,
THAT IS.

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MDCCLXXXVI

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To the READER.

THE poetical Writings of the late Mr. J. WILLIAMS (whose general Signature was that of CLIO) are a Treasure which every real Lover of sublime and harmonious Poetry, must allow, well deserves to be added to the Productions of our other celebrated ENGLISH POETS. The Editor has therefore taken the Liberty of collecting together, and publishing them, not doubting but they will be well countenanced and received, especially by those who knew the Author's poetical Merit, and extensive Genius.

The Editor returns his most sincere Acknowledgments to those Gentlemen who were so obliging as to furnish him with such Pieces he was not in Possession of, and hopes the Manner in which they are arranged, ac-

ording to the different Subjects, will give ample Satisfaction.

This Work is printed in the Size of *Mr. Bell's British Poets*, and is intended as a Volume to be added to that Work, and equally as cheap, the Price being no more than *Eighteen-Pence*; although a few of the numerous Pieces included in the following Sheets, when formerly published, sold for that Price, and were universally admired.

In short, CLIO was always esteemed as a melodious Poet, and doubtless will be honored as such by Posterity.—While living, Men of the greatest Genius, are too often slighted, tho' afterwards revered—Witness HOMER, whose Mouth was oftener filled with Songs than with Bread; as the Poet says,

“ Can Laurels wreath'd around his Head,
 “ Compensate now to HOMER dead,
 “ The living HOMER's Want of Bread?”

CON.

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AN
ELEGIAC POEM,

On the Death of Mr. JOSEPH WILLIAMS,

(*Alias* CLIO.)

Who died at Shrewsbury, September 21st, 1785.

TO thee *Melpomene*, belongs to pay

A grateful Tribute to a Brother's Lay!

'Tis surely thine to *string* th' *Elegiac Lyre*,

And ev'ry Bard with mournful Notes t'inspire;

For CLIO's gone!—is wafted from Mankind,

And few his Equals has he left behind!

His Muse how sweet, how excellent each Line,

How charming, elevated, and Divine!

Aloft he mounted on *Pegasian* Wings,

To taste the Waters of *Pierian* Springs:

Nor shallow Draughts could satisfy his Soul,

But with the *Muses* drank without Controul!

H E If great *Apollo* honor'd *Homer*'s Name,

And high enrol'd him in the List of Fame;

If *Ovid* has, for Ages been renown'd,

And *Virgil* with the Laurel Wreath been crown'd,

If

(X)

If *Shakespeare* still (that tragi-comic Bard)

Shall so devoutly be by some rever'd;

If *Pope* and *Addison* attain'd the Bays,

And will be honor'd to the end of Days;

Safe future Ages can have no Excuse,

If e'er forgotten should be CLIO's Muse;

Nor shall that matchless, evangelic ODE,

In Praise of JESUS, the INCARNATE GOD,

Be ever bury'd in Oblivion's Sand,

But be loud chorus'd by the Heav'nly Band!

Shall his CONVERTED INDIAN, be forsook,

Or the St. ALKMOND's GHOST—that fav'rite Book,

Or shall his other Works of diff'rent Kinds,

Be ever banish'd from ingenious Minds?

O surely not!—For while *Sabrina* rolls,

Or *Phæbus* visits the centric Poles;

While *Orion* shines resplendent up on high,

Or *Cassiopeia* in the Northern Sky;

Lo, CLIO's Works shall still revered be,

And safe transmitted to Futurity;

Babes yet unborn shall lisp his melting Songs,

And catch his *Musick* on their infant Tongues:

While Men of Learning shall his *Genius* praise,

And be enraptur'd with his moving Lays!

But,

But, *Thalia*, tell, (for thou canst best rehearse,
The real Worth of his *melodious* Verse!
Tell) could Disease, with complicated Pains,
His Muse enervate to obstruct her Strains?

THALIA'S Answer.

“ His mental Faculties he still possesse,
Serenely wishing for that *lasting* Rest,
Where Pain and Sorrow shall not dare to come,
To trouble Pilgrims in their native *Home*!
Let no reflecting *Tongue* his Honor blast,
Book *Or vile Aspersions* on his Name be cast;
But let the *Wise*, the *Worthy*, and *Sincere*,
Write o'er his Tomb—*Lo, CLIO's Bones lie here!*”

SALOP, Sept. 28, 1785.

E. T.

But,

But, I think, still, (for thou canst not resist)
The World of his wickedness Verge!
(II) could Distant, with complicated Pains,
A Minute enquire as to change her Steins?

Thou art, I think,
" His mental Faculties be still
nearly without for that Myself, Rest,
here Pains and Sorrow shall not have to come,
I trouble I might in their native State,
I no reflecting Power this Honor still,
I could Affection for his Name be call;
I let the Wife, the Wretch, and Slave,
the other his Land—O, O! O! Hear his Law!"

SALON, 1785. E. T.

T H E
POETICAL WORKS, &c.

O D E S,

On the INCARNATION of our Blessed Lord
and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

O D E I.

WIDE spreading o'er the purpl'd East,
See where you' crimson Ensign bends!

Prepare! Prepare! th' ambrosial Feast,

For lo! the GOD of GODS descends!

But how, Oh! *Nature*, wilt thou bear the Load

Or meet the Splendor of a coming GOD?

In vain I ask,—for now you' parting Sky,

Proclaims th' eternal Triumph nigh.

Stand fast, thou Earth,

For since thy Birth,

Thy steadfast Pillars never bore
 Th' intolerable Weight of DEITY before!
 But hark!—methinks some softer Strains,
 Than ever shook th' etherial Plains,
 Since Time began to roll,
 Melts in my Ears,
 Dispels my Fears,
 And sweeps away my Soul.
 'Tis *Gabriel's* Voice, I know the Sound,
 And Mercy smiles to Day,
 Let Angels shout!—let Earth resound:
 For God *assumes our Clay*.
 And see in Token of supernal Grace,
 The angry Ensign disappears:
 Ten Thousand milder Glories fill the Space,
 And Music wakes the Spheres:
 Harmonious thro' the Realms above,
 One gen'ral Concert rings,
 And all the *Burden* of the Song is *Love*,
Love, braces all the Strings!
 Astonish'd Angels view the Scene,
 And (*curious*) fain would know,
 What all this World of Wonders mean!
 These Mysteries below!

In vain they pry!—the boundless Scheme, O Man!

For Thee, was laid e'er Time began!

For Thee! before all Worlds were fram'd,

Or Angels hymn'd th' eternal THREE,

The Council sat—the Terms were nam'd,

And MERCY fix'd on Thee!

And lo! the Period mark'd in Heav'n—

The Day that crowns Creation's birth,

Is now arriv'd—the promis'd CHILD is giv'n;

And GOD inhabits Earth!

Angels applauding! clap their golden Wings,

While *Betlehem* receives the KING of Kings!

For THIS, let *Rocks*, and *Hills*, and *Plains*,

Unpractis'd yet to vocal Strains,

For once their *Silence* break!

While *Man*!—But Man can never tell,

The grateful Thoughts his Breast should swell,

Nor half his Raptures speak!—

Silence, perhaps, may more expressive prove,

And Heav'n accept the Heart *dissolv'd* in Love.

O D E II.

HAIL, *sacred Morn!* Creation's Glory!
Heaven's Astonishment and Wonder!

Let shouting Millions sing the Story,
Soft as Echo—loud as Thunder:

Gabriel, lead the mighty Chorus,
Angels strike your high-strung Lyres:

Deeds immortal rise before us,
Heav'n descends,—and Love inspires!

Lo! the God of Worlds unbounded,—

Thrown the Gates of Day aside!
Night retreats, with Shame confounded,
Triumph spreads her Banners wide.

But ah! the Lustre seems to languish,
Milder Beams around me play:
—Where, where's the God? *A Child of Anguish!*
Born to weep our Grievs away.

O D E III.

THE Hour arriv'd, at Signal given,
 Ten thousand Harps were strung in Heaven,
 And each prepar'd to play —
 But what the high Behests of Jove,
 Big with some new Display of Love,
 Not one in Heaven could say.

When Jesus rising from his Throne,
 (Eternal Splendor round him shone)

Disclos'd the vast Decree—

“ Father ! I come to do thy Will,

“ And all the Work of Grace fulfil :

“ Lo ! Help is found in Me.

“ 'Tis mine the chosen Seed to save,

“ To conquer Sin, Hell, Death, the Grave,

“ And a new Kingdom raise :

“ To sooth, by Mercy's melting Charm,

“ The Thunders of thy lifted Arm,

“ And spread thy boundless praise !”

He spoke—and thro' the Realms above,
 Diffus'd, ineffable, his Love,
 Inspiring Raptures high!—
 Ten thousand Harps began to play,
 Ten thousand Voices swell'd the Lay,
 And Triumph shook the Sky.

O D E IV.

OH! for a Voice to touch th' angelic Strains.
 Which once were hear'd in *Bethle'em's* Plains,
 Hear'd, on that great, auspicious Morn',
 When *Christ*, the Saviour of Mankind was born.
 Darknefs hung o'er the gloomy Sphere,
 And Shepherds watch'd their fleecy Care;
 When, bursting from a Cloud of Light,
 High Visions open'd to their Sight;
 Struck with Confusion and Amaze,
 Half dead with Fear, they trembling gaze;
 When, lo! a friendly Angel flies,
 Swifter than Light'ning from the Skies:
Gabriel, the Messenger of Peace,
 Salutes their Ears—in Words like these:

(All

(All Nature listen'd while he spoke,
And from his Lips the Accents broke.)

" Ye Shepherds all your Fears remove,
" I come not arm'd with Wrath—but Love—
" Commiſſion'd from th' Eternal King,
" Thrice joyful News to you I bring—
" Attend ! attend ! ye Sons of Light,
" And ſhout with Wonder at the Sight ;
" This choſen Day, this happy Morn',
" The long fore-told *Meſſiah's* born :
" In *Bethlehem's* Town (O ! ſhy blue Skies)
" The *Godhead*, in a Manger lies :
" Not cloath'd with Maſteſty, as late,
" But in an Infant's humble State,
" Expos'd ſuch various Ills to bear,
" As meanest Mortals ſeldom ſhare."

Theſe cheering Words they ſcarcely heard,
Before a ſhining Hoſt appear'd :
Celeſtial Spirits left their native Place,
To ſing the Wonders of ſupernal Grace ;
On golden Plumes they hover'd over Earth,
And loud proclaim'd the *Saviour's* Birth !

The

'The daz'ling Lustre of their bright Array,
Chas'd all the Shades of Night away,
And thus in rapt'rous Notes they sung,
(While Nature round,
Return'd the Sound,
And all the Constellations rung :)

" Glory to *God* in highest Strains be giv'n,
" Who reigns exalted on his Throne in Heav'n,
" Yet stoops to execute Redemption's Plan,
" Bring Peace on Earth—and shew Good-Will to
Man ;
" His vast Benevolence let Worlds adore !
" And in full Chorus, praise him evermore !"

O D E

O D E V.

(A Fragment).

THE Thunder ceas'd, the angry Storm was laid,
 And milder Glories round the Godhead play'd;
 For now on *Man's* Behalf, tho' doom'd to die,
 Up rose the Son—and thus address'd the Sky—

“ Almighty Father, Majesty Divine !

“ All Heaven and Earth by rightful Sway are thine :

“ Thine are the Myriads which thy Courts adorn,

“ And thine the Kingdoms of a Race unborn :

“ For lo ! this Arm, *Omnipotent to save,*

“ Shall conquer *Hell*, and triumph o'er the *Grave* !

“ In Chains of Darkness bind th' infernal Foe,

“ And pay thy *Justice*, all the Captives owe :

“ By *Mercy's* Charms *their* Rebel Hearts controul,

“ And stamp mine Image on each new-born Soul ;

“ So shall thine Attributes harmonious prove,

“ And Wrath be swallow'd in a Sea of Love.”

He spoke—then threw his bright Regalia by,
 And joyful pass'd the crystal Ports on high :

Ten thousand thousands, mingled in the Train,
 (And each exulting, swell'd the high-wrought Strain)
 Nor rested once, thro' all the Realms they rode,
 'Till *Judah's* Plains receiv'd th' *Incarnate God* :
 Whence, bending low with Rapture and Surprise,
 They bore the Tidings to their native Skies ;
 Angels astonish'd ! join'd th' admiring Throng,
 And Heaven's vast Concave lengthen'd out the Song.

St.

St. ALKMOND's GHOST.

A

V I S I O N A R Y

P O E M.

I wake, emerging from a Sea of Dreams

Tumultuous———

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE

THE Author, in Order to preserve both Force and Consistency in the Imagery of the following Poem, lays the Scene in *St. Alkmund's* Parish in *Shrewsbury*, and assumes the Character of a *Salopian Butcher*. Should any still suppose, as some sage Readers have done, that it is difficult to determine whether the Poem really compliments a certain Rev. Gentleman, or satirizes him; the Editor cannot help saying, that Poetry, Sense, and Satire, must ever be lost on all such *Baotian Critics*.

St.

St.

00142

Strugg'ling he falls, by your vindictive Steel —
 And rolls a *dying Look!* which *Rocks might feel!* —
 Say, O ye cruel, for to you I write,
 Can ye sustain a *Visionary Sight?*

Undaunted wander through the midnight Gloom,
 And gaze at Spirits rising from the Tomb? —
 If so — Attentive follow where I tread —

'Tis wife sometimes to converse with the Dead.

'Twas that sad Night when *Rev'rend S—d* in Death
 Resign'd at once his *Vicarage and Breath*;
 About the Hour (*as runs the village Talk*)
 When *shrouded Spectres* haunt the *Yew-tree Walks*,
Fancy was left, *prophetic of some Change*,
 In the wide World of *Intellect* to range;
 Methought I stood, unshelter'd and alone,
 Where *Alkmond's Dead* in *mould'ring Heaps* are
 — *strewn* :

When all at once, with terrible Surprise!
 A mighty Whirl-wind rush'd across the Skies!
 So strong the Blast, that with tremendous Roar,
 It shook the *Dome*, and burst the pond'rous Door
 Expos'd and trembling! from its rude Embrace,
 I ran for Refuge to the *sacred Place* :

Scarce

Scarce had my Feet the hallow'd Threshold gain'd,
 When all was hush'd, and solemn Silence reign'd :
 So when black Crimes, the *Sons of Rome* deform,
 The *Church* defends them from the *Civil Storm* ;
 But as I enter'd—(Angels, guard my Head !)
 What *visionary* Scenes around me spread ?
 From the dark Mansions of the dreary Tomb,
Old Alkmond's Ghost stalk'd horrid thro' the Gloom:
 A dismal Palenefs all his Looks express'd,
 And steaming Sulphur wav'd his sable Vest ;—
 Close at his Heels, of Pageantry still vain,
 Came *Superstition*, holding up his Train ;
 Her feeble Hand a glim'ring *Taper* bore—
 Snuff'd by *Old Calvin*, in the Days of yore ;
 But now grown *dim*—in these Apostate Days,
 When *Malice* sickens at *Religion's* Rays,
 Hugs Native Darkness, shuns celestial Light,
 And flies *Conviction* as some hellish Spright.—
 When, to assert—" Salvation is of Grace."—
 Would almost rob a *Vicar* of his Place,
 Transport a *Doctor* into Fits of Rage !
 Not to be sooth'd by *Hill's* didactic Page.

Next, In the Train—(for all was done in State)
 Came *Ign'rance* hob'ling, with an uncouth Gate :—
 A misty Vail around her Temples spread,
 And for a Helmet, lo ! a Cap of Lead :
 Her Half-shut Eyes, a stupid Soul portray'd,
 And all look'd doubtful that she e'er survey'd.
 Behind her close—(at this I drop a Tear !)
 Three Hundred *Butch*—'s Souls, brought up the
 Rear,

All *pale* and *baggard*—not one Visage bright,—
 In Life her *Vot'ries*, and in Death her Right ;
 Such Forms perhaps, were never seen before,
 On the dark Borders of the Stygian Shore :
 Or where, far wand'ring from the chearful Day,
 Their Gambols wild the *Lapland* Witches play.
 Not that dread Scene, as ancient Records tell,
 When *Satan* came, and rung the * *Parish Bells* :
 Was more alarming ! tho' incens'd with Ire,
 He *stamp'd his Hoof* upon the tremb'ling *Spire*.

* There is an Historical Manuscript in the Hands of
 a Person at Shrewsbury, which gives a particular Ac-
 count of these Circumstances happening (many Years
 since) at St. Alkmond's Church.

Advanc-

Advancing flow,—at length they form'd a King,
 Round *Altkmond's Ghost*, o'er all the Spectres King,
 Not one presum'd to break the curv'd Train,—
 Save *Ign'rance* blind—and *Superstition* vain,
 These, near the Centre, flush'd with Pride elate?
 Stood, like our modern *Ministers of State*.

When thus the Ghost,—(but first he wav'd his
 Hand)

Bespoke aloud the visionary Band:

“ Sons of my Labours, while confin'd to Earth,

“ And still my Subjects in the Realms of Death:

“ With sad Regret, I see my Pow'r decline:

“ At least, in this thrice hallow'd Dome of mine,

“ Fate, proud of Empire, with despotic Sway,

“ Is sweeping Half my *valiant Chiefs* away:

“ For, where the *S—ds*, and where the *Y—s*,

“ I have now—

“ Who tutor'd Thousands at my Shrine to bow,

“ Inspir'd their Bosoms with a noble Rage,

“ To hiss off *Cablin*, from the *Cleric Stage*!

“ To laugh at all his antiquated Rules,

“ And brand their *Teachers* as the worst of Tools:

" These, for my Sake, (or I am much deceiv'd)
 " Subscrib'd to *Doctrines*, which they ne'er believ'd,
 " And bravely stood the Bulwarks of my Cause,
 " In Spite of *Conscience*, *Covenant* and *Laws*.
 " Nor they alone, but a long Line beside,
 " E'er since *Ejection* did in Triumph ride,
 " Have strove alternate to support my Pow'r,
 " And well succeeded till this fatal Hour.

" But now alas! I see a spurious Race,
 " Usurp my Altars, and defile my Place :
 " *R—m—ns*, and *M—d—s*, and a motley Throng,
 " The boast of Fools, the Infamy of Song
 " Climb to *Preferment*,—while my fav'rite few,
 " Are robb'd, are bilk'd, are cheated, of their Due ;
 " E'en *H—p—s* groans beneath the galling Chain,
 " Doom'd still to walk in *Disappointment's* Train ;
 " And lo! as jealous of my rising Fame,
 " A *Rival* starts! — *D—C—y* is his Name :
 " *Hibernian* born, the Insect of an Hour !
 " The Child of Fortune, but the Lie of Pow'r !
 " He comes! (bale Idol of deluded Brains,
 " *Enthusiastic*, as his poison'd strains ;)

" He

" He comes—to brand me with opprobrious Names,

" And judge my *System* to eternal Flames :

" In *native Bronze*, methinks I see him stand,

" Adjust his Robes, and proudly wave his Hand,

" While from his Lips, a Flood of Fury pours,

" That *Tart'rus* shakes and *all my neighb'ring Shores*.

" Gods, what a Change! It tears my aged Breast,

" And *Lords* must *lie* to carry on the Jest.

" Can this be borne? Ye Partners of my Fate,

" Can you, unmov'd, behold my sinking State,

" See the ripe Honors ravish'd from my Brow,

" And yet be passive?—O, *revenge* me now!

" Your Pow'rs are various—various is your Skill,

" To bend a *Butch—'s*, or a *Statesm—'s* Will:

" Then quick repair, the diff'rent Subjects find,

" And thus impart the Dictates of my Mind.

" *Statesm—n*, awake!—lift up *thy perjur'd Head*,

" And bear a *Lecture* from the *injur'd Dead*:

" Reform *thy Manners*, regulate *thy Ways*!

" Or my *sad Ghost*, shall haunt thee all *thy Days*,

" Stand at *thy Elbow*, thro' *thy Mansions* prowl,

" And publish Secrets which will stab *thy Soul*!"

But

" But to alarm the *Butch*—’s callous Breast,
 " Be each dread Night some horrid Dream impress’d:
 " Dreams never fail the vulgar Mind to move,
 " Tho’ other Charms may ineffectual prove;
 " Inspire *his* Slumbers with eternal Fears,
 " And ring *D——n* in *his* stupid Ears—
 " Point to *D-C——y*, —Bid him shun the Bait,
 " That courts *Fanatics* to the Brink of Fate:
 " Nor leave the Wretch, ’till in determin’d Note,
 " He *swears* to cut each *puritanic* Throat.”

He spake—and lo ! with red-wing’d Vengeance
 fir’d,

"Midst Clouds of Smoke the *Magic* Band retir’d:
 When, all at once, in mildest Glories drest,
 Before me stood, a *heav’nly Form* confest—
 To draw her Portrait all Description fails,
 And weak the Fables of poetic Tales:
 E’en *Raphael* here, would find his Col’ring faint,
 And yet the *Image* dwells in ev’ry *Saint*,
 With Looks benign, She cast her Eyes around,
 And thus, address’d my *Ignorance* profound:

“ MOR-

" MORTAL !—In me behold the best of Friends,
 " Nor flight the Counsel heav'nly Wisdom sends—
 " Dark and bewilder'd, hast thou wander'd long,
 " In Quest of Phantoms, with the *erring Throng*,
 " The barren Paths of *blinded Reason* trod,
 " A dreadful Stranger to thyself, and *God*;
 " And still to draw thee deeper in his *Snares*,
 " The *Prince of Darkness* ev'ry *Wile* prepares :
 " Such was the *Vision* pass'd before thine Eyes !
 " And such the Malice of infernal *Lies* !

" But lo ! soft MERCY, smiling from above,
 " Crown'd with the Wreaths of *Everlasting Love* !
 " Bids me impart a *Message* to thine Ear,
 " Which damned Souls, would give the World to
 hear :
 " In *Hell's* dark *bosom*, shed a cheering Light,
 " And *gild* the Horrors of *eternal Night*.

" Be wise, O MAN ! nor dare an *Hour's* Delay,
 " Lo, *Heav'n's* *Ambassador* is on the Way !
 " Throw down thy Weapons—supplicate for *Peace*,
 " And meet *Salvation* on the PLAINS of GRACE !
 " The Terms are fix'd, the *Deed* is seal'd with *Blood*,
 " And all Things ready on the *Part* of *God*.

" Hear

"Hear this, *O Rebel!*——at thy PERIL hear!
 "And blefs the Voice, that brings it to thine *Ear.*"

She fpake——I heav'd a penitential Sigh!
 Which ftrait She caught, and wafted to the Sky,
 Swift was her Paſſage to the Realms of Light——
 And with her fled the VISIONS of the Night.

T H E

THE
 CONVERTED INDIAN.

TO THOMAS POWYS, Esqr.

SIR,

IN these degenerate Days of Sensuality and Dissipation, when Voluptuousness is worshiped with all the ardour of Devotion by Millions of deluded Votaries, and the Religion of JESUS, with all her Heaven-born Charms, is disregarded and ridiculed, unto whom, Sir, shall I lift up mine Eyes for Protection, while endeavouring to embark in her solitary Service?—Shall I turn them to the gilded Roofs of Splendor and Magnificence? where her Divine Author hath so lavishly diffused the Bounties of his Providence! and where his Munificence stands waiting (as it were) at the very Threshold of the Door, to catch the grateful Emanations of the possessor's Heart, as they rise towards Heaven: Or, shall I direct my Attention to the low-roof'd Cottage, and to the humble Cell, those reputed Sanctuaries of
 Virtue

Virtue and Innocence? where every Thing that surrounds the peaceful Inhabitant, as well as his Situation in the æconomy of Society, has an admirable tendency to obliterate Pride, and exalt his Ideas of the SUPREME EXCELLENCE! Or, naturally attracted towards the Centre of my Wishes, by those distinguishing Rays of Glory, ever reflected from an eminently Religious Character,—May I not humbly presume, Sir, (in this Night of intellectual Darknes,) to take the advantage of its friendly Light? and, placing the following little POEM beneath its fostering Influence, to subscribe myself, with all due Respect and Esteem,*

Sir,

Your most obedient, and obliged

humble Servant,

C L I O.

SHREWSBURY, Sept. 7, 1774.

* *Ephesians iv. 18.*

AD

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following POEM is the Substance of a Narrative, which the Author heard from the Lips of an old INDIAN, a Native of the Province of *Georgia*, in *British America*—who, with many of his Countrymen, were Converted to the Christian Faith, under the Preaching of that eminent Servant of God, the late Reverend Mr. *George Whitefield*, on his first Arrival there:

If it should be asked--“What was the Author’s Reason for attempting to dress up a meer Narrative, in the flowery Habit of Poetry?” He answers, That, (besides an early Attachment to the Muses, and a most passionate Fondness for that Species of Poetry denominated Pastoral) he discovered in the Detail, such an agreeable Spirit of Simplicity, such a noble Zeal for Religion, and such an ardent Desire to promote its Interest in the World; and all this! breathing

D

from

from the Heart of a newly-converted Savage, that he was struck with Admiration at the Triumphs of Divine Grace, and without any Consideration about the Modes of Composition, was in this Respect, intirely governed by the Impressions he then felt.

The AUTHOR.

THE

discovered in the Detail, such an agreeable Spirit of Simplicity, such a noble Zeal for Religion, and such an ardent Desire to promote its Interests in the World; and all this, breathing

THE
CONVERTED INDIAN:
A
P O E M.

WHERE sweet *Savannah** rambles thro'
the Shade,

And woos the Poet for a penfive Lay,
Oft' let me rove (by *Contemplation* led)

And pass the Evening of a Summer's Day.

There, deep sequester'd in some friendly Grove,
Where the high-waving Pines enamour'd meet,
My Cares all hush'd—my Soul attun'd to Love,
I'd sit me down at *Meditation's* Feet.

Dear peaceful Shades, and doubly Dear to Me!
For here my *Saviour* first reveal'd his Charms;

* *Savannah*.—A River in *Georgia*, from whence
the Capital of that Province derives its Name.

Beneath the Shelter of yon' *spreading Tree*, †
Gently he drew me to his willing Arms.

Wild as the Wilderness in which I trod,
By Nature, stupid as the bestial Train:
Lost to Myself—a Stranger to my God,
Thoughtless I wander'd o'er my *native Plain*.

But Heav'n decreed, and Heav'n's own time was
come,

Eternal Love! our Western World surveys:
Sends WHITEFIELD forth to call the Nations
home,
And spread the Empire of *Redeeming Grace*.

Sure there was *Language* spoke in every Eye,
And *new felt* Passions pictur'd in each Face:
Tow'rd's Heav'n we breath'd the *soul-dissolving*
Sigh!

And caught the Answers of returning *Grace*.

New was the *Theme* to our astonish'd Ears,
Us, the *poor Exiles* of an *out-cast Land*:

† A large *Tree*, growing near the Town of *Savannah*, under which the late Rev. Mr. *Whitefield* used frequently to Preach.

But

But see! at length the promis'd Day appears,
And JESUS comes with *Pardons* in his Hand.

Amazing Thought! How boundless is his Heart?

How wide the *Empire* of his *Grace* extends?

Can *Europe* fill it?—No, he claims a Part,

From the first *Dawn*, to where the Sun descends.

In the swift Chariot of *eternal Love*,

Behold HE comes! Triumphant as a *King*:
Proclaims *Salvation* from the Realms above,

To *distant Isles*—and bids the *Nations Sing*.

Night flies HIS Presence—*Heathen* Darkness flies,

And the bright *Day-spring* beams upon our Clime;

For *this!* let Joy resound through all the Skies,

And swell to *Rapture!* all the Notes of Time.

While, flows the vital Current of my *Veins*,

And beats this Heart, within her narrow *Cell*,

No other *Theme* shall *Captivate* my Strains,

No other Language on my *Lips* shall dwell.

And O! could I the charming Accents bear,

(Like WHITEFIELD once) to list'ning Mil-
lions round,

And feel THY *Power*, and see THY *Glory* there;
I'd spread THY Name to Earth's remotest
bound.

Nor should dividing Seas obstruct my Course—
Inflam'd with *Love*! I'd lean upon THY Breast,
Drink of the *Promise* that reviving Source,
And for Mount Zion's Sake refuse to Rest.

Blest was the Day, and Glorious was the Light,
When *first Salvation* founded on our Shore:
Angels with Rapture! saw the wond'rous Sight,
And up to Heav'n the joyful Tidings bore.

The *Spirit* breath'd with such immortal Force,
And flash'd Conviction with such piercing Ray,
That (like some River in its rapid Course)
He Conquer'd all that dar'd Oppose his Way.

How did our *sable* Sons from far and near,
By Night, by Day, their eager Steps pursue?
No Threats nor Dangers! stop'd their glad Career,
'Twas JESUS call'd, and JESUS led them thro'.

Sweet

Sweet was the Scene! Delightful was the Hour!
 When round the *Prophet* of the LORD we stood,
 Heard him declare his SAVIOUR's mighty Power,
 And tell the Virtues of his precious Blood.

Methought the *Rocks* stood list'ning as he spake,
 And bending *Cedars* deep attention gave;
 'Twas Heav'n come down, 'twas a new Morning
 break,
 A Morn propitious to the *captive Slave*.

But ah! what Sorrows mingled in the Train,
 When *Calv'ry's* Scenes were painted to our View:
 'Twas then our Bosoms bled through ev'ry Vein,
 And Tears descended like the falling Dew.

From Heart to Heart the pious Anguish ran,
 And *Love* and *Pity* swell'd the double Tide!
 As o'er the *Sufferings* of the *Cross* he ran,
 Still pointing up to JESU's *wounded Side*.

Did *Mary* Weep?—Did the *Disciples* Mourn?
 Yes, near the *Cross* they agonizing stood:
 With such Sensations were our Bosoms torn,
 And each *Baptiz'd* in one *repentant Flood*.

'Till

'Till all Thy Sons (*elect*ed) from afar,
 Thy *Sable Daughters* from the *Western World*;
 Should hear the *Trumpet* of the *Holy War*,
 And see the *Ensign* of the *Cross* unfurl'd.

Sweet Task!—but Ah! my feeble Nature fails,
Grace reigns within, but *Age* and *Weakness*
 round,

'Tis all I can, to tell some falt'ring *Tales*,—
 How *first* my SAVIOUR in *these Wilds* I found.

Happ'ly my Sons * have drunk the *Heav'nly Dew*,
 And felt the *Pow'r* descending from above:
 T' Instruct *their little Charge*, is all I do,
 And tell them *Stories* of *Redeeming Love*.

Save, when perchance (for *Musing* is my *Pride*)
 Some *Evening* fair invites me to the *Shade*,
 I bend my *Steps* to sweet *Savannah's* Side,
 The chosen *Spot* where first my *Vows* were paid.

* Two of his Sons embraced Christianity soon
 after their Father, and are now remarkable for an
 exemplary Life and Conversation.

There

There, oft' delighted have I pass'd the Day,
 And held with JESUS *Intercourse divine*,
 Gaz'd on the Beams, that round His Temples play,
 'Till my 'rapt Soul was Dazzl'd with the Shine:

And (if 'twere Blameless to indulge the Claim)
 When Death propitious hath discharg'd his
 Trust,
 Fain would I Sleep near this *thrice hallow'd Stream*,
 'Till the *last Trumpet* animates my Dust.

Then! *Christian*, then! the sacred Morn shall rise,
 Then, all the *Kingdoms* of the *Ransom'd* come,
 Mount up in Triumph! through *dissolving* Skies,
 And take *Possession* of their *promis'd Home*.

Here cease my Song—for who hath rent the *Vail*?
 Or dar'd to look within the *Holy Place*?
 Enough for Us, that CHRIST will there reveal,
 Th' unclouded *Visions* of His *lovely Face*.

THE worthy and very respectable Gentleman to whom the foregoing Poem was dedicated, being called from this Vale of Tears while the Poem was in the Press, the following Elegy was published with the Poem.

A N
E L E G Y:

Occasioned by the sudden and justly lamented
Death of

THOMAS POWYS, Esq;

Who died at his Seat at *Hardwick*, near *Shrewsbury*,

On *Wednesday* the 14th of *September*, 1774. -

—————"When such Friends part,
'Tis the Survivor dies! ————"

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

UNDER a deep and pungent Sense of unfeigned Sorrow, the Author begs Leave to inform the Reader, that, whilst the preceding Poem was in the Press, his ever generous and worthy PATRON was taken away (from a Life of extensive Usefulness, in both the *Civil* and *Religious* Community) by a sudden Stroke of the *Paralytic* Kind; which, to the inexpressible Loss, and universal Concern of all such as love *Zion*, "*Shall be for a Lamentation,*" tho' doubtless to the eternal Advantage, and ever-increasing Rapture of *his disembodied Spirit*.

E L E G Y, &c.

FROM Life's gay Scenes, and all that Pleasure yields,

Thro' *Berwick's* Bow'rs, and *Hardwick's* humble Fields :

On drooping Pinions, lo! the Muse retreats,

To *Cypress* Groves and melancholy Seats :

To deep-brown Shades, where solemn Silence reigns,

Or only conscious to the Lover's Strains :

There, like some *Turtle* in the lonely Vale,

She penfive sits and tunes her dying Tale :

While *Severn* rolls his plaintive Waves along,

In melting Murmurs, and invites the Song;

Re-echoes back, from all his winding Shore,

The Name of Powys!—Powys! now no more!

E

For

For ever dear ! for ever grateful Name !

O ! could my Numbers emulate thy *Fame* ;

Then should *thy Worth*, in living Colors rise,

Adorn my Page, and captivate the Wise !

But why this Wish ? It lives ! It shines above !

In the bright *Records* of *Eternal Love* !

In that *seal'd Book*, which JESUS open'd wide,

And mark'd with *Blood*, *fresh streaming from*
his Side :

Hast thou not seen it ? (*gentle Spirit*, say)

And look'd, and gaz'd *thy ravish'd Soul* away ?

Kiss'd the dear *Signet* of thy SAVIOUR's *Hand*,

Amongst the *Names* where all his *Jewels* stand ?

But where, ah ! where, sublimely would I rove ?

Faith drops her *Plumes*, and leaves me in the
Grove :

To humbler *Scenes*, directs my trembling Eyes,

And bids me trace HIM, in NARCISSA's Sighs !

There, deep engraven on her *faithful Breast*,

His Image stands, by all the *Loves* impress'd :

Fills her *fond Thoughts*, in ev'ry Place appears,

Twines round her *Heart* ! and mingles with her
Tears !

Nor, shall the Picture ever fade away,
 But open brighter, in the Blaze of Day ;
 When *her rapt' Soul*, shall feel the soft *Dismiss*,
 And meet HIM blooming in the Climes of Bliss,

Still would'st thou soar beyond created Things,
 And bask in Æther, thine unhallow'd Wings ?
 Rash *Muse* ! forbear, and as the Vision fades,
 See ! where PIETAS beckons thro' the Shades :
 A solemn Sadness hangs upon his Face,
 And melting Accents issue from the Place :
 Hark ! *how he Groans* ! and thus it strikes mine
 Ear ;

" *Life, Friendship, Powys*, are no longer here !"
 But now, revers'd, methinks I hear him Cry,
 " *Life ! Friendship ! Powys ! dwell above the*
Sky !"

Near the same Spot (retreating from a *Storm*,)
 I mark *Religion* in DE COURCY's Form :
 See ! where he stands, and with dejected Look,
 Turns o'er the Pages of a *mystic Book* ; *

* The Book of Divine Providence.

A noble Firmness mingles with his Care,
 He bears the Stroke, because 'tis *written there*:
 Yet, now and then, he heaves the gentle Sigh!
 And wipes the big Drop, trembling in his Eye:
 Marks where NARCISSA sits, absorb'd in Grief,
 And flies impatient to afford Relief:
 Hard Task, alas! for who can heal the *Heart*;
 Save, HE that form'd it, with exquisite Art?
 Drew such *nice Fibres*, thro' the *feeling Soul*,
 That, touch but *One*, and lo! it Strikes the
Whole!

But, as I gaze around the solemn Shade,
 What *Forms* are those, that mix in yonder
 Glade?

In slow Procession, lo! they move along,
Weakness, and *Age*, compose the helpless Throng:
 Some *Lisp* their Anguish, others *Moan aloud*,
 And broken Accents murmur thro' the Crowd.
 —Some *guardian Angel* whispers in mine Ear—
 “These are the POOR, whom POWYS lov'd so
 dear!

Sought out assiduous, from the *humble Shed*,
Cloath'd with his *Bounty*! from his *Table fed*!

Gave

Gave the sad Evening of their Days to run,
 In smother Channels than they first begun ;
 E'en *Infants* now, shall one Day bless *his*
 Name,
 Rival the Muse! and consecrate *his Fame.*"

But hark! methinks I hear a distant Sound,
 Like some old *Temple* tott'ring to the Ground ;
 Does *Nature* shake? or is it *Micha'l* calls?
 No! *ZION* groans! thro' all her hallow'd
 Walls!

In bitter Anguish tells her deep-felt Pains,
 And weeps the *Loss* her *Building* now sustains ;
 For, who like *Pow'rs*, lov'd her *sacred Laws*?
 Or glow'd more ardent to promote her *Cause*?
 Before her *Altars*, brought a fairer *Fame*!
 Or stood adoring with a purer *Flame*?

And must such *Stars*, the Glory of her Courts,
 Her noblest *Pillars*, and her best *Supports* ;
 Must such! who, next to that Almighty Hand,
 That rear'd the *Pile*, and bid the *Building* stand?
 Must these to *Death* become an early Prey,
 And leave us Mourning, in these *Tents* of *Clay*?

Yes, 'twas decree'd, and who shall dare complain,
 Or blame one Link of *God's eternal Chain* ?
 Be Dumb for ever! and, as Mortals ought,
 Adore that *Wisdom* which *confounds* thy Thought!
Myſt'ries like theſe, ſhall one Day be reveal'd,
 And more admir'd, becauſe they are conceal'd :
 A Pow'rs, then, in Heav'nly *Science Wiſe*,
 Shall ſpread the Plan, before thy wond'ring Eyes!
 Teach thee, juſt ent'ring on an Angel's *Birth*,
 What *he* hath learnt, ſince *diſengag'd* from *Earth* :
 The Plot unravel, and the Scheme explore,
 Which *Seraphs* Worſhip, and which *Saints* Adore!
 'Till that bleſt Hour, at *Reſignation's Shrine*,
 In Patience wait, and all thy Cares reſign;
 Theſe Shades of Night, ſhall quickly paſs away,
 And *Heav'n* burſt on thee, in a *Flood of Day*!

T O
N A R C I S S A.

THINK not *Narcissa*! we have Hearts of Stone,
We catch your Sighs! and echo Groan for
Groan!

But, what alas! is all created Art,
To sooth the Anguish of a bleeding Heart?
From *richer* Streams the healing Balm must flow,
By Faith distill'd into the Breast of Woe.

The *Cause*, we grant, whence your Affliction springs,
Is such as touches Nature's *nicest* Strings:
Tears the fine Fibres of the Soul in twain,
And proves the System of the *Stoic* vain:
E'en Faith reverb'rates at the deep-felt Wound,
And all the *Christian's* in the *Lower* drown'd.
But here, ah! here, how shall my Numbers paint,
The living *Husband*—or the dying *Saint*?
How, draw the Picture, as it strikes my View?
In Colours deep!—but deeper still to *You*!
Tho' vain the Task! and here I droop behind,
The rising *Image* stands before *Your* Mind.

For O! HE was!—(and Heav'n confirms the Page)
 Too *bright a Star!* for this degen'rate Age:
 Too ripe for Bliss! to stay beneath those Skies,
 Where Pleasure sickens, and where Comfort dies;
 Where Hope's gay Pinions are no sooner spread,
 But some fell Foe, lays the poor flutt'rer dead,
 And lo! in Mercy, and in boundless Grace!
Jesus transports *Him* to the Realms of Peace:
 In one short Moment bids his Cares remove,
 And opens wide the Visions of his Love!
 Gives *Him* to Drink at those celestial Streams,
 Which wrapt the Prophets in extatic Dreams;
 To range the Fields where breathe immortal Gales,
 And whisp'ring Spirits tell their new-born Tales;
 To gaze, eternal, on those Rays divine,
 Which round the *Godhead!* and the *Manhood* shine.

Yet still! methinks, with Pity in *His* Eye,
 One tender Glance *He* throws beneath the Sky,
 Marks all *your* Anguish, bids *your* Care subside,
 Which soon shall sink in *Jordan's* friendly Tide,
 That Stream, whose Waves shall land *you* on a Shore,
 Where adverse Storms can never part *You* more.

THE
Seducer's Distracted Confession,
IN A
POETICAL RHAPSODY
TO
A BROTHER OF THE KNIFE.

—— “ And as Paul reasoned of Righteousness,
“ Temperance, and Judgment to come, Felix
“ trembled.” *Acts xxiv.*

UNIVERSALLY deserted—to
 what Quarter shall I fly for Refuge? Thou,
 O NOBODY! hast patronized Thousands—be-
 neath thy Roof, however desolate, let me for
 once hide my Head, and, 'till the Indignation
 be overpast, blefs the Shades of Oblivion.

THE

T H E

Seducer's Distracted Confession, &c.

ROUS'D by the Muse! at length my Con-
science wakes!

And in my Bosom rears her hissing Snakes,
While keen Conviction, flashing dreadful Light,
Brings all my Guilt, and all my Crimes to Sight.
Before mine Eyes, 'till now with Scales o'erspread,
What Forms appear, what Spectres shake the Head?
Ten thousand Furies seem to cross my Way,
And grin, as eager to devour their Prey:
E'en F—r's Father bursts the hallow'd Tomb,
And all vindictive stalks across the Room—
Knits his stern Brow, and with Distraction wild,
Points to the Ruins of a once lov'd Child:
Ah! what a Look now darted from his Eye,
And stabb'd my Breast with deep felt Agony?

Fast

Fast by his Side (as erst in Life ador'd)
 Honor stands firm—and waves a naked Sword,
 Tow'rd's me, the Cause that broke his last Repose,
 The Weapon turns—and kindles new felt Woes—
 O! wretched State, what Terrors seize my Soul,
 What Lightnings flash, what horrid Thunders roll,
 What wild Convulsions shake my trembling Frame,
 And burn my Breast with ignominious Shame?
 For ah! how strong, how deep that Guilt must dye,
 Which stamps in Life and Death, our Infamy?

Perhaps, my Friend—if such on Earth can be,
 Thy Heart may heave one pitying sigh for me :
 Ah no, too callous by Profession grown,
 The Trade of Slaughter steels it like mine own.

Ignobly Born, and more ignobly Bred,
 Without one Tutor to the Heart, or Head,
 I blundered on—unmov'd by Pity's call,
 And daily saw the struggling Victims fall :
 The generous Ox, which to his Master true,
 Gives him his Toil, and feeds his luxury too,
 I frequent sell'd—nor did the spotless Lamb,
 Vindictive ravish'd, from it's frantic Dam—

Excite

Excite one soft Emotion in my Mind,
 As stretch'd he threw a dying Look behind.—
 Harden'd at length, by Scenes like these o'erpass'd,
 Towards higher Game my Thoughts were bent at
 For Avarice still, whate'er my lips confess, [last,
 Despotic! reign'd sole Tyrant o'er my Breast.
 —The Eastern World, seem'd fittest for my View,
 And, in one Night, a thousand Slaves I slew;
 E'en Nabobs trembled in that fancied Hour,
 And Wealth came rushing in a golden Shower.

Thus, stimulated by the Lust of Gain,
 And steel'd with Cruelty, I cross'd the Main:
 The Sun beheld me blot his orient Climes—
 Ripe for Destruction, teeming big with Crimes:—
 What Spoils I won, by Treach'ry and by Art,
 (For real Courage never touch'd my Heart)
 What bloody Schemes—could I the Danger shun,
 Thro' all my Orders and Directions run,
 Are known to Heaven, whose penetrating Eyes,
 Darts thro' my Soul--and loud for Vengeance cries!

Bred thus, and tutor'd—in ill-fated Hour,
 F— became the Subject of my Power—
 F With

With sacred Charge my Mandates to obey,
 A tender Parent threw his Child away—
 His open Breast, unpractis'd in Design,
 By his own generous Feelings, measur'd mine :
 Lull'd in that Moment, each Suspicion slept,
 Which Angels, if they saw, sure Angels wept :
 Far better, sure, if Heaven had so ordain'd——
 Some savage Tyger had the Task sustain'd.

Beneath my Roof, and more malignant Eye,
 Her Charms unfolded, but to Bloom and Die :
 Lust, that rank Mildew, seiz'd my ev'ry sense,
 And in black Hour I blasted Innocence,
 Down at my Feet the vanquish'd Victim fell,
 But in that Struggle rous'd the Fiends of Hell :
 E'en now I feel their unrelenting Rage,
 Scorch ev'ry Nerve that trembles o'er the Page :
 Nor yet content—I strove by curst Art,
 To fix ten thousand Daggers in her Heart :
 Where e'er I went, proclaim'd her injur'd Name,
 And, tho' the Guilt was mine, gave her the Shame.

What now remains? A wretched exile, I
 Am doom'd, tho' in my native Land, to fly :

No

No friendly Roof will now expand the Door,
 No social Welcome greet me as before :
 A dark, dull Miscreant ! with a fawning Face,
 But enter'd then the Mansion to disgrace :——
 Nor will the World dispense with Crimes like mine,
 Obnoxious both to Human and Divine,
 Thus, close beset, which ever Way I turn,
 The Sword of Justice seems a-fresh to burn.

Curst be the Hour of that detested Day,
 Which saw my abject Soul inhabit Clay ;
 And still returning with revolving Skies,
 At length beheld a Human Monster rise :
 Such now I view my tainted Bosom prove,
 A Hell of Lust, without a Spark of Love ;
 O ! that each Wretch, with Principles like these,
 Might in Abortion's Lap for ever freeze :
 Ne'er into Life it's vile Existence thrust,
 To feel the dire Effects of lawless Lust——
 E'en now the Flame which pallid Fear surveys,
 Drinks up my Moisture, and consumes my Days :
 The Sun's broad Beam but all my Deeds arraign,
 And Night's dark Gloom brings Horrors in her
 Train.

Where shall I fly?—No Covert can I find,
 Guilt stands before me, Vengeance stalks behind :
 Environ'd thus, my Soul in dark Despair,
 Looks round in vain, no Ray of Comfort's near:
 Hope, that sweet Pilgrim ! to the virtuous known,
 Spreads her soft Plumes, nor will a Caitiff own.—

Thus, if my tortur'd Conscience deems aright,
 The Culpit shudders at the Judge's sight,
 And, as he hears the awful Sentence due,
 Sees Cords, and Gibbets, rising in his View.

But what's all this ! to that eternal State,
 Where Adamantine Chains shall fix my Fate ?
 Where the dread Judge—seen now in Fancy's Eye—
 Tremendous View ! shall poise his Scales on high :
 Against true Merit weigh my worthless Name,
 Light as the Bubble trembling on the Stream,
 While shouting Angels, at the Signal given,
 Shall loud applaud the Righteousness of Heaven ;
 And as I sink to Shades of endless Night,
 Behold my Fall, and triumph at the Sight :
 While long on Earth to Infamy consign'd,
 My Name shall live the Curse of all Mankind.

Mis-

Miscellaneous Pieces.

O D E,

For the Thirty-first of DECEMBER, 1773.

SNATCH'D from the Ruins of the Flood,
And thrown into the Lap of Time,

See! where another YEAR begins to bud:

The early Promise of a future Prime.—

But say, my Muse, canst thou inter the last?

Yet stand unmov'd, the Fun'ral Rites to see?

Nor throw one grateful Look on all that's past:

On all the lavish Hours bestow'd on thee?

Forbid the Thought! ye gen'rous Pow'rs of Verse;

And O! assist, their Numbers to rehearse;

For sure the Song—the grateful Song is due

To Heav'n, all gracious! as the Moments flew.

SPRING! joyous led thee, thro' her flow'ry Sweets,

Where the young Loves and Graces stray;

Where raptur'd *Damon* (all enamour'd) meets
 His blushing *Delia*, at the Dawn of Day:
 There thou, conceal'd, didst mark the whole,
 And saw their soft Exchange, of Soul, for Soul!
 Nor did the *Summer* e'er refuse
 To wave a Chaplet for thy Head:
 With tender Care she nurs'd the fainting Muse;
 And all her balmy Breezes round thee spread:
 Her Groves and Fountains, cool, and clear,
 Were open'd wide, thy sultry Hours to cheer.
 —Smiling! at length, the golden *Autumn* came,
 Rich with the Spoils that thro' the Seasons roll;
Autumn! propitious to the Poet's Flame,
 When Frenzy shakes his Soul;
 'Tis then! in Visions, and inspiring Dreams,
 Entranc'd he lies, by Attic Streams;
 Or, starting up! in wild Surprise!
 Sublimely soars, with *Pinder*, to the Skies.
 —And thou, old *Winter*, laging in the Rear,
 Did'st not refuse her simple Notes to hear;
 On *Judab's* Plains her artless Lyre was strung;
 But ah! how cold, how languid was the Song?
 On such a Theme! the Fire of Heav'n should glow!
 And rival Angels, as the Numbers flow. But

But where, O Muse? thus wand'ring wide,
Were all the Blessings of the YEAR, for Thee?

No—Millions quash'd the generous Tide,
Which Heaven's Benevolence pour'd out so free!
Then, let one gen'ral Peal, of Praise resound,
'Till Nature's vaulted Roofs return the Sound!

But while I look at Scenes behind,
And mark the Moments fled,
The new born YEAR, just unconfin'd,

Lifts up it's Infant Head:—

Be hush'd ye Winds—ye angry Storms subside;

And let fair Peace! the ruling Planets guide.

—Thus, may the circling Hours, propitious move,
And thy first Season, *Spring*, be crown'd with Love;
May *Summer's* Glory richly paint the Soil,

And pregnant *Autumn*, well reward our Toil;

While *Winter*, wrapt in Frost and Snow,

Keener! shall make the Fire of Friendship glow:

—For Heaven, for ever bounteous! ever free!

Hath surely giv'n the social Hours to thee.

—And O! may *Britain*, once her blest Retreat,
Again see *Virtue*! on her vacant Seat.

EPIGRAMICAL LINES,

FOR THE

NEW YEAR, 1774.

SOFTLY sweet in Luthian Measures,
Whitehead * sooths the Soul to Pleasures—
 Pleasures, such as Morph'us brings,
 When he comes on leaden Wings.

Drowsy, lo! he strikes a Key,
 Such as suits himself, and me :
 Such, as makes the new-born Year,
 Darker, than the old appear.

Rise with Lustre, mighty Bard,
 Kings thy appiate Strains regard,
 Strains, that lull their Souls to Sleep,
 Whilst bleeding Nations round them Weep.

* Poet-Laureat to the King ; whose Ode for the New Year being considered a wretched Performance, occasioned these Lines to be written, and which appeared in one of the Public Prints.

S O N N E T,

Addressed to a Wife, but not by a Modern Husband.

WHEN on thy Bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for Life !

I glory in the sacred Ties,
(Which modern Wits and Fools despise)
Of Husband and of Wife.

One mutual Flame inspires our Bliss,
The tender Sigh ! the melting Kifs !
E'en Years have not destroy'd ;
Some sweet Sensation ever new
Springs up—and proves the Maxim true,
That Love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a Wish? 'tis all for thee,
Hast thou a Wish? 'tis all for me,
So soft our Moments move,
That Angels look, with ardent Gaze !
(Well pleas'd to see our happy days)
And bid us live and love !

If

If Cares arise, (and Cares will come)

Thy Bosom is my softest Home,

I lull me there to Rest:

And is there aught disturbs my Fair?

I bid her sigh out all her Care;

And lose it in my Breast.

Have I a joy? 'tis all thy own,

For thine and mine, are all but one;

Our Hearts are so entwin'd,

That, like the Ivy round the Tree,

Bound up, in closest Amity,

'Tis Death to be disjoin'd.

H Y M N to the D E I T Y.

GREAT Three in One and One in Three!
 My Thoughts are swallow'd up in Thee,
 O! Thou mysterious DEITY!

Before all Worlds—before all Days—
 Before Archangels tun'd thy Praise,
 Thy Godhead beam'd essential Rays!

Great

Great Fount' of uncreated Light!
Before Thy Beams the Sun is Night!
And Reason shrinks to Darkness quite!

Great Source of Life——Paternal Tree!
All Beings, clust'ring, hang on Thee,
And feel thy rip'ning Energy!

Thou art the Spring of Joy confest!
Whence kindling Rapture fires the Breast,
Of all who in Thy Presence rest!

A Sea of Love! without a Shore,
Whose Streams, thro' Worlds unnumber'd pour
In Oceans!—yet still running o'er:

Thou the Great Spirit!—Thou the Soul
Of Systems, which around Thee roll,
Thy Animation fills the Whole.

Centre of Bliss!—Eternal Mind!
In Thee! are such Perfections join'd,
They strike adoring Mortals blind.

But still my Soul aspires to Thee!
No other resting Place I see,
O! Thou unfathom'd DEITY!

Trans-

Translation of a celebrated French Sonnet,
Beginning, *Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.*

TRemendous GOD ! Thy Ways are just and right;
Transcendant Goodness centres all in Thee !
But ah ! my Crimes arise to such a Height,
Justice is injur'd if thou pardon'st me.

Yes, LORD—the greatness of my Sins are such !
That even Mercy prompts the vengeful Blow,
Declares, thy Wrath can never burn too much !
Nor fall too weighty on so vile a Foe :—

Since then 'tis Glorious ! sound the dread Alarm,
Frown at my Tears, reject my broken Sighs ;—
'Tis Time to strike !—to lift thy thund'ring Arm,
And crush the Wretch that dar'd resist the Skies.

Tremb'ling I fall—yet falling own Thee just,
Bow down my Head beneath thy lifted Rod,—
But where, ah ! where, shall thy loud Thunders burst ?
Or Light'nings strike ! what's bath'd in JESU'S
Blood ?

A FRAG-

A F R A G M E N T.

O Mighty Love! the Theme of Heav'nly Tongues,
 The constant Burthen of celestial Songs :
 Thy Heights!! and Depths! how shall a Mortal sing?
 When Angels falter, while they touch the String.
 Before the Heav'ns were fram'd, or Planets glow'd,
 Thy sacred Dwelling was the Breast of GOD :
 'Twas thou at first, did'st move th' *Eternal Mind*,
 To form that wond'rous Plan! which saves Mankind;
 For none but Love! beyond Conception high!
 Could prompt a GOD, to groan! to bleed! and die!
 Could stir up Pity in his boundless Heart,
 To act the Sufferers', and the SAVIOUR's Part,
 To leave the Bosom of his Father, GOD!
 And dye his Garments, in the Field of Blood;
 Swim thro' a Sea of Wrath, where Lightnings flash'd,
 Where Thunders roll'd, and furious Billows dash'd!
 To stand alone amidst contending Storms;
 The Rage of Devils! and infernal Forms :
 —This! sprang from *Love Triune!* the mystic *Three*
 Concur'd—were mov'd—*Essential Love*, by Thee.

But O! Thou art—what Language can't express,—
 And while I mean to Praise, I make thee less:—
 Thou art a *Fountain!* always running o'er—
 A Sea! without a Bottom, or a Shore:
 A fathomless Abyfs! a vast Profound!
 Where Angels Thoughts are swallow'd up & drown'd;
 Thou art a pure, an uncreated Fire!
 Still everlasting! tho' the Worlds expire,
 An inexhaustible Source, that can't decay,
 Kindling thro' Heaven, Infinitude of Day:—
 Thy Beams must last, in full meridian State!
 To unknown Ages—an Eternal Date:—

Blest! is the Man who feels thy Pow'r Divine!
 His Soul shall flourish, like the spreading Vine.

E L E G Y,

On the Death of a favourite Dog, called *DRAPER* :

Late the Property of a Gentleman at Oxford.

SEE! what sad Ruin spreads the Realms of Death,
Wide as the Seas! and boundless as the Earth!
Nor Dogs, nor Cats, his Iron Breast can move:
Nor all the whim'ring Cries of Canine Love,—
The Dog of Parts! (however fam'd and great)
Must own his Empire and submit to Fate!
The ancient Spaniel, and the pregnant Bitch,
Alike are blended in one common Ditch.
—These serious Truths thy Friends shall long deplore!
Once faithful *Draper*!—*Draper* now no more!
No more? alas! that parting Word how sad!
Ye Puppies yelp!—ye aged Curs run Mad!
See! see him borne down Isis' silver Tide,
That classic Stream, where learned Dogs reside,
Tho' none more honest, more sincere than he!
Who copy'd Nature, and who honour'd me;
Then, if thou can'st the gushing Tear refrain,
Thy Heart is harder than the Bull-Dog's Chain!

For, who that saw his Fun'ral pass along,
 In gloomy Pomp*, amidst the gazing Throng,
 (When the rough Barrow, in a rumb'ling Tone,
 At every Gutter gave a deeper Groan!)
 But heav'd a Sigh? to honest *Draper's* Fall,
 Or shed a Flood of Tears, against some Wall!
 —But what avails? the fatal Stroke is o'er,
 And *Draper* sleeps amongst the Dogs of yore:
 Yet if the Muse prophetic Pow'rs possess,
 (And where's the Muse but boasts him more or less?)
 He yet shall rise, on some warm Summer's Day,
 When full blown Maggots animate his Clay,
 And, wond'rous Change! the new Creation spread,
 In busy Crowds, around their wat'ry Bed.
 Then cease my Song—nor *Draper's* Death bewail,
Drapers immense! shall spring from *Draper's* Tail.

* More Ceremony was observed on this Occasion, than
 is usual in such Cases.

A PETITION to NEPTUNE.

GOD of the Wat'ry World, regard
 The Supplications of a Bard,
 Who only breathes, what thousands now implore ;
 Stretch forth thy Trident o'er the Deep,
 Hush the rude Blast, bid Tempests sleep,
 And guard our *Plassey* to his native Shore:

May Cynthia smile—may prosp'rous Gales
 Gently expand the swelling Sails,
 And rosey Health come sporting in the Train !
 While, as the Vessel glides along,
 Let Sea Nymphs chant the coral Song,
 And Echo waft it through thy vast Domain.

So shall old *Salop's* Walls resound,
 And *Severn* bear the grateful Sound,
 In pleasing Accents down her flow'ry Sides ;
 'Till the *Atlantic Ocean* hears,
 And pours the Music in thine Ears,
 O ! *Neptune* ! God o'er all the rolling Tides.

V I R T U E : A n O D E .

(Inscribed to Master J— S—.)

EVER restless, roving Mind,
 Various as the shifting Wind,
 Still in quest of something new,
 Never pleas'd with what's in View :
 Tell me whence this Love of ranging,
 Why thou always thus art changing ?
 Dost thou say, poor flutt'ring Thing,
 That ev'ry Pleasure hath a Sting ;
 That all the Joys which court thy Sight,
 When tasted yield thee no Delight ?
 That 'midst the flow'ry Scenes below,
 No real Comfort deigns to grow ?
 Then listen for a Moment's Time,
 Truth has ere now been told in Rhyme.
 The Muse did once as well as thee,
 In quest of dreary Phantoms flee,
 But quickly dropt her mad Career,
 When Virtue's heav'nly form drew near :
 She came—all sacred Goddess hail !
 Wrapt in a sweet celestial Veil,

But

But thro' each waving Fold was seen
 A Shape divine ! a heav'nly Mein !
 Her glowing Beauties on me stole,
 And quite o'erpower'd my ravish'd Soul !
 Grace, ever mild, beam'd in her Eyes,
 And Truth, fair Offspring of the Skies,
 Stern Justice, tho' of Brow severe,
 Was soften'd into Pity there,
 While Mercy tender as the Dove,
 Bedimpl'd all her Cheeks with Love :
 Smit with her Charms, and borne away,
 To her alone I tune the Lay :
 To her, my tremb'ling Notes arise,
 When first the Morning gilds the Skies,
 And joins the Lark, whose vocal Strains,
 Soft warbling shakes th' etherial Plains ;
 And when the Shades of Night prevail,
 I catch sweet Philomela's Tale,
 While filent Nature all around,
 Stands list'ning to the solemn Sound ;
 And thus, when Nights and Days are o'er,
 When Seasons keep their Course no more,
 When old Creation feels Decay,
 And all but Virtue melts away,

To

To her I'll tune the golden Lyre,
 Amidst the last consuming Fire,
 In Triumph mount above the Blaze,
 And bask eternal in her Rays.

L I N E S,

Composed during a FIT of ILLNESS:

Or rather, in the distant Prospect of a Recovery.

EMERGING from the Shades of Death,
 How shall the Muse resume her Lays?
 How tune her faint, her falt'ring Breath,
 To Notes of Gratitude and Praise?

Nature opprefs'd—and all her Pow'rs
 Still weak and languid, strive in vain;—
 Fancy retreats to happier Bow'rs,
 Where Pleasure prompts th' enraptur'd Strain.

No more my Eye delighted roves,
 Where Spring her flow'ry Sweets disclose;
 No more I tread her cooling Groves,
 Nor on her balmy Couch repose.

Far other Scenes for me remain,
 Scenes, gloomy as the Shades of Night;
Affliction with her meagre Train,
 For ever swim before my Sight.

Pale *Sickness*, (Nature's deadly Foe)
 And pining *Anguish* hourly kill,
 The tardy Blood forgets to flow,
 And half the Springs of Life stand still.

The fullen Night—the tedious Day—
 An undistinguish'd Mass appear;
Hope spreads her Wings and flies away,
 And even *Patience* drops a Tear!

These are the Scenes reserv'd for me,—
 Yet shall my heart one Effort try;
 I'll look thro' all! *Great God, to Thee,—*
 —There *Faith* shall fix her steadfast Eye;

Nor shall this Anchor of my Soul,
 (Cast on a Rock) be ever mov'd,
 Tho' Tempests rise, and Billows roll,
 'Twill bear the Shock, and stand approv'd.

D E S P A I R and H O P E.

Written after a severe ILLNESS:

W H E N on the *Verge* of *Life* I stood,
 And distant Scenes survey'd :
 What strange Sensations ! chil'd my Blood,
 And round my Heart-strings play'd ?

Nature appall'd, shrunk back tow'rd's Time,
 And ev'ry Fibre strain'd :—
Faith slept—nor once beheld that Clime,
 Where Souls are entertain'd.

Not so the Gulph of grim *Despair*,
 There Horrors writ'h'd in Flame,
 Mine Eyes were turn'd for ever there !
 And Tremb'lings shook my Frame.

Ten thousand Thunders seem'd to roll,
 And angry Light'nings play :
 Existence shudder'd through my Soul,
 And almost burst the Clay.

O ! dreadful Scene !—Where could she fly,
 No Wings of *Hope* to spread ?
 No *Mercy* beam'd across the Sky,
 But—*Vengeance* stream'd with red.

The *Vital Flame* afraid to start,
 And tempt this wrathful Main;
 Strove, in some lab'rinth of the Heart,
 To hide herself, in vain.

Her *conscious* Eye too plainly saw,
 No secret Place could hide :
Justice look'd thro' the broken Law,
 And at each Look she dy'd !

But 'twas a living Death—and O!—
 Who can that Anguish bear ?
 'Tis Hell!—'tis all that Devils know,
 'Tis *Conscience* in *Despair*.

Here let me pause—and turn my Eyes,
 (Thought labors here too much)
 And view soft *Mercy* from the Skies,
 Descend, with healing Touch:

Three Drops of JESU's *Blood* it bore,
 O Sov'reign ! Sov'reign Balm !—
 And straight the Thunders ceas'd to roar,
 And all within was Calm.

LINES,

L I N E S,

Written on the honorable Acquittal of a respectable
Person, charged with Felony.

WHEN *Malice* prompts, and *Envy* aims
the Blow,

Say—Who shall combat such a deadly Foe?

Who, stand unmov'd where poison'd Darts are
hurl'd?

And Plots contriv'd enough to shake the World!

With Brow serene, and with a single Arm,

'Tis thine, O *Truth*, to meet the dread alarm,

To stand the Fury, turn the Shafts aside,

And spread the Triumphs of thy Conquest wide,

By suff'ring much, exalt thy spotless Fame!

But brand thy Foes with Infamy and Shame.

And thus, O *J*——s,—(so *Justice* thought it
meet)

'Twas thine, of late, to conquer base Deceit,

To shew Mankind, in spite of envious hate,

A Name unblemish'd—and a Brow elate;

To rise Superior—and around to tell,

That *Truth* shall stand when *Malice* sinks to Hell.

SONG,

S O N G.

To Miss ———.

PERHAPS the World may think me mad,
 (Or else in Love—and that's as bad)

When I reveal my boundless Pride,
 Which never yet was satisfy'd.

No, had I all those Heaps of Gold,
 By *Cræsus* hoarded up of old;
 And join'd to these, the Eastern Shore,
 I still should wish, and sigh for *More*.

Was all that Fame, which Honor pays,
 Around the Shrine where *Plassey* lays,
 Transfer'd to me—tho' rich the Store!
 My soul would still be fir'd for *More*.

Were all the Nymphs, divinely Fair!
 Who breathe the sweet Salopian Air,
 To offer me—what all adore!

Tho' great the Boon, I'd ask for *More*.

C O P T H O R N E :

A P O E T I C A L E S S A Y .

THY Beauties, *Coptborne!* rescu'd from the Waste,
 Of wild Disorder, by the Hand of Taste,
 I Sing, nor shall my Numbers flow in vain,
 If Genius prompt, and *Pro—rt* read the Strain.

See yonder Desert, dreary and forlorn,
 Spread it's bare Surface to the rising Morn;
 In vain the Sun his genial Warmth extends,
 Or Show'rs prolific, on the Plain descends;
 No smiling Verdure, lives along the Mead,
 No Virgins Dance, no Shepherd tunes his Reed;
 A vast wild Waste, the aching Eye surveys,
 Where Fancy startles, as alone she strays:
 No *Hut* nor Shelter, but one humble *Shed*,
 And *that*, for Wretchedness to hide it's Head;
 Yet e'en to this, the Muse must Homage pay,
 In *Name*, at least, the Subject of her Lay.

Such, once was *Coptborne*, deem'd a barren Soil,
 And pass'd neglected by the Hand of Toil;

Industry

Industry ficken'd on the russet Hill,
 And *Art* stood doubtful of his Magic Skill;
 'Till *Pr—rt* rising—with superior Pow'rs!
 Woo'd plastic *Nature*, from her Woodbine Bow'rs:
 The *Nymph*, attentive, heard the *Vows* he made,
 And, all Creative! issu'd to *his Aid*.—

Hence, now, delighted thro' thy Fields I stray,
 O *Coptborne*! lovely as the new-born Day:
 Or, rove enamour'd where thy *bending Trees*,
 Unfold their Foliage to the whisp'ring Breeze;
 There loit'ring sweetly pass the vacant Time,
 In serious *Musing*—or in sportive Rhyme;
 While to my Lays, the rural Scenes resound,
 And *Sylvan Nymphs* trip lightly o'er the Ground.
 And here, full oft—if so the *Muse* may guess,—
 To taste the Pleasures of the still Recess,
 In studious Thought (the busy World behind)
 Thy *Patron* gives a *Solace* to his Mind,
 Treads thro' those *Haunts*, which *Wisdom* calls her own,
 And woo's the *Goddeſs*, on her silent Throne:
 Nor woo's in vain—for, as I shift my Theme,
 I trace their *Offspring*, down by yonder Stream:

There, *Art* triumphant! over *Nature* reigns,
 And *thirsty Lands*, are turn'd to *liquid Plains* :
 Sweetly convolv'd betwixt two rising Grounds,
 The Rains invited lodge in proper Bounds,
 Yet so contriv'd, that winding in their Course,
 The *Stream* seems pointing to a distant Source ;
 'Till lost at length the mazy Tide retreats,
 To thick-wove *Coverts*, and impervious *Seats* ;
 Where nightly warb'ling to the dying Gale,
 'Lorn *Philomela* tunes her love-sick Tale ;
 And where, perchance, (if fabl'd Lore be true)
 The *Fairies* Bathe them in the Midnight Dew :
 Thus *Art* and *Nature* hold a doubtful Strife,
 So well the Picture rises into Life.

But now (slow wing'd) across the blooming Lands,
 My Fancy flies to where the *Building* stands:
 Here, many a Beauty yet remains unsung,
 That claims the *Genius* of a *Pope*, or *Young*.—
 By *Probert* rais'd—(on no imperious Plan,
 But such as speaks *true Dignity* in *Man*,)
 The *Villa* stands amidst a lone Retreat ;
 The Spot where Wisdom finds her fav'rite Seat,
 Where

Where Folly seldom dares to shew her Face,
 Least stern *Reflection*, drive her from the Place :
 No gaudy Strokes of Affectation glare,
 Yet, all's *Convenient*, *Elegant*, and *Fair*,
 A pleasing *Neatness* regulates the Whole,
 Features expressive of the *Founder's Soul*.

But here my Muse, what Numbers can be found,
 To paint the varied Landskips all around ?
 Which ever Way the raptur'd Eye we bend,
 Fresh Prospects open and new Scenes extend.

Close in thy Bosom, bending o'er his Tide,
 Old *Salop* rises with superior Pride ;
 Looks down indignant on the Slaves of State,
 And calls them Fools however rich or great ;
 Asserts his RIGHTS, in these corrupted Days,—
 And crowns his *Hero!* with immortal Bays.

But (turning round) new Wonders strike our View,
 And cloud-capt Mountains wrap their Heads in blue :
 To charm the Sight—like Pyramids they rise,
 'Till the last Summit props the leaning Skies :

E'en *Cambria's* Hills are mingled in the Throng,
 Wild and uncouth but not unknown to Song:
 Witness, ye Annals of eternal Fame;
 That well record *Charactacus's* Name.
 On yonder Mountain, *Rome* beheld the Hour,
 When *Britons* scorn'd to be the Slaves of Pow'r;
 No idle Drops that bloody Day were spilt,
 Excess of Valour was their only Guilt!
 Nor blame the Brave—when Freedom is the Prize,
 Heroes may fall—but 'tis the Captive dies.

From such a Conduct—may our Bosoms glow,
 And treat Oppression as our common Foe;
 'Till Slav'ry shrinking from our Isle withdraws,
 And Heav'n-born Freedom guards our injur'd Laws.

Thus, have I strove—but ah! how vainly strove?
 To tune my Pipe, in *Copthorn's* hallow'd Grove:
 Perhaps some Bard, who feels the Fire of Verse,
 And better skill'd thy Beauties to rehearse,
 May touch the Stops, so sweet, so bold, so free!
 'Twill charm thy *Probert's* Ear—and rescue me.

TO FORTUNE.

O FORTUNE! coy, as coy can be,
 To half the World, as well as me:
 What Magic Art—(as yet conceal'd)
 Did *B*——y use to make Thee yield?

Perhaps he swore—if thou wert kind—
 To open wide his gen'rous Mind:
 T' extend his Bounty to the Poor,
 And plant Compassion at his Door:
 To aid th' afflicted,—nor refuse
 This humble Tribute of my Muse.

Or didst thou, like some modern Fair,
 Prevent thy Suitor's ardent Pray'r?
 Without Reserve, rush to his Arms,
 And give him all thy World of Charms.

Not so to me—I've woo'd thee long,
 In simple Prose, and artless Song:
 But ah! 'tis all in vain I fear,
 No *Twenty Thousand* greets mine Ear:

My

My warmest Wishes are but vain,—
Thy *Daughter* * marks me for her Train :

There let me Walk—if so 'tis meet,
(Religion makes her Service sweet,)
And if sometimes, she scourge her Slave,
I'll cast a Glance at yonder Grave ;
There, shall my Cares be done away,
And I, as blest as *Bo——r's* Clay.

* *Miss-Fortune.*

A N
ANTIQUATED EPITHALAMIUM.

NO fabl'd God, no *Pagan* Power,
My Muse invokes to grace her Theme :
The *genial Feast*, the *Nuptial Hour*,
Stands honor'd by a nobler Name :

For GOD Incarnate seal'd the RITE, divine,
When *Can'an's* blushing *Waters* turn'd to *Wine* :
O! may his spotless Virtues fire my Breast,
Refine my Thoughts, and on my Numbers rest :

So

So shall the Ear of Innocence approve ;
And rigid Virtue *Kiss* the Lips of *Love*.

When Time, as yet a Child, advanc'd
O'er *Eden's* Groves, the Moments danc'd ;
The Sun, reluctant, clos'd the Day,
The Hours, unwilling, roll'd away :
'Twas all a Scene divinely fair ;
And Angels oft' resorted there :—

Witness the Eve', when *Adam* led,
(Her Cheeks with rosy Blushes spread)
His Heav'n-form'd *Bride*, to Nuptial Bow'r,
In all the Charms of Beauty's Pow'r :—

You saw, ye blest ! the charming Sight,
And joyous hail'd the *Bridal* Night ;
Consenting Nature, caught the Sound,
And melting Music echo'd round ;
Imagination ! hears it still,
And feign would breathe it from her Quill,

“ Soft be your Slumbers, O ! ye happy *Pair* !

“ For guardian Angels watch the hallow'd Grove ;

“ Sweet

- “ Sweet balmy Breezes scent the midnight Air,
“ And all Things murmur to the Voice of Love.
- “ Heav’n stamps a Sanction on the present Hour;
“ But greater Honors shall in Time be found ;
- “ A Vine luxuriant ! branching from this Bow’r,
“ Shall rise to Heav’n with fragrant Odors crown’d.
- “ Beneath it’s Shade the *holy Few* shall dwell,
“ Whose Souls harmonious, are in Wedlock join’d ;
- “ Whose Bosoms pure, no guilty Passions swell,
“ But feed on human joys, with Taste refin’d :—
- “ Nor deem it strange ! mysterious is the RITE,
“ Pregnant with Wonders from our Ken conceal’d :
- “ A future Race shall see it burst to Light,—
“ And the Divine Arcanum stand reveal’d.”

Part of the Fifth Chapter of PROVERBS,

(Imitated.)

MY Son, receive th' Instructions that I give,
 Attend to Wisdom, and thy Soul shall live ;
 Regard the Lessons which from Knowledge flow,
 And long Experience taught my Age to know ;
 So shalt thou tread the steady Paths of Truth,
 Too oft' neglected by unwary Youth ;
 So shalt thou triumph o'er the *Wanton's* Art,
 Who spreads a thousand Snares to catch thy Heart,
 From Wile to Wile, with eager Haste she flies,
 Lest thou should'st ponder, and at length be Wise ;
 Like Oil, her Words run forth in smooth Deceit,
 And all the Droppings of her Lips are sweet ;
 But mark the End—regard her Exit well—
 Her Ways are Death, her Steps take hold on Hell :
 Like Wormwood, bitter, shall her Conscience feel,
 And Anguish pierce her thro' like pointed Steel.
 O fly betimes—nor pass her secret Place,
 Lest overcome, thou yield to her Embrace,
 And plant the Honors of thy ancient Line
 Amongst the cruel Sons of Lust, and Wine ;

Waste

Waste all thy Substance, and impair thy Health,
 To fill a Stranger's House with Pow'r, and Wealth ;
 The Thoughts of which, will rend thy Soul with Dread,
 When Age, and Care, have silver'd o'er thy Head ;
 Then, (sad Reflection !) to encrease thy Pain,
 Perhaps repentant Tears may flow in vain ;
 Since early Counsel, pour'd by heav'nly Breath,
 Could not deter thee from the Paths of Death :
 Keep back thy Steps from Error's fatal Road,
 And lead thy Soul to Happiness, and God !

How blest the Man who Wisdom's Voice attends,
 Walks in her Light, and at her Temple bends,
 Peace, ever smiling, lulls his Soul to Rest,
 And gentle Transports open in his Breast :

Pleas'd with his Virgin Choice, his early Wife,
 They glide down smoothly thro' the Storms of Life ;
 No Cares disturb—no guilty Passion burns,
 Both feed on Love, and join in soft Returns :
 Her Charms alone delight his ravish'd Eyes,
 He, in her Bosom, kindles Extasies !
 Pleas'd in each other, all their Care's to please,
 And all their Life is Rapture! Joy! and Ease!

Heav'n

Heav'n marks the Pair, and clust'ring on their
 Heads,

Celestial Blessings in Abundance sheds;
 A numerous Progeny their Bed surrounds,
 And chearful Plenty all their Dwelling crowns:
 In copious Streams their Fountain overflows,
 And in their Hearts exalted Virtue glows.—
 No silent Grief, no Sigh that Heavens the Breast;
 No lab'ring Groan, that tortures the distress:
 No Widow's Tear, no helpless Orphan's Cry,
 Can pass their tender Souls, unheeded by,
 But rich Benevolence they deal around;
 And pour the healing Balm in every Wound:
 The Poor behold them as they pass along,
 And shout forth Blessings from the grateful
 Throng:

These are the Pair, *Almighty Wisdom* cries!
 Whom I approve—and mark them for the Skies.

L O V E.—A FRAGMENT.

To J. P. Esq.

S EARCH all the Sweets that Nature yields,
 Glean all the Groves, and cull the Fields;
 Thro' wide Creation wing thy Way,
 And bask in Beauty's cloudless Ray,—
 Yet, if thy Soul e're tasted Love,
Delia, alone, will matchless prove:

Nay—let Imagination soar,
 Where Angels, only, trod before;
 Let Nymphs of Paradise, invite,
 And all Elifium sooth thy Sight,—
 Yet, if thy Soul e're tasted love,
Delia, alone, will matchless prove:

For, *Beings*,—in a World like this,
 Will, in each other, seek their Bliss;
 And *One*, peculiar from the rest,
 Must reign superior in the Breast,—
 'Till Heav'n shall ev'ry Bar remove,
 And *Delia* crown thy constant Love.

O D E

ODIE to HOPE.

SWEET Ray of Heav'n! soft Smile of Love!

A *Dimple* in th' eternal Face,
Of HIM, who sits enthron'd above,
The Judge, yet Friend, of Human Race.

Of! have I seen thy cheering Light,
Of! felt thy gentle, soothing Power,
When tenfold Darkness veil'd the Night,
And *Horror* mark'd the labouring Hour.

Once more thy smiling Beams display,
Once more become my charming *Guest*!
Bid black *Despair* resign his Prey,
And sooth my weary Soul to Rest.

On the BIRTH of an INFANT,

WELCOME! sweet Stranger, to the Light,
 That gilds these nether Skies :—
 But there are Worlds beyond our Sight,
 Where richer Glories rise!

Yet none can mount, that bright, sublime,
 And draw imperial Air ;
 'Till they have trod this Vale of Time,
 And drank the Cup of Care.

So Heav'n decreed—but may thy Hours,
 Few bitter Moments bring :—
 May Mercy shed her choicest showers,
 And Blessings round thee spring.

Could these, paternal Love, insure,
 And Prayers breath'd up divine :
 An Angel's Birthright were but poor,
 Compar'd with that of thine.

Angels,

Angels, for aught that we can scan,
 Were never bought with Blood;
 But JESUS took the *Form of Man*,
 To make us Sons of GOD,

On the DEATH of a CHILD.

— *Death! is the Gate to Life.* ANON.

SWEET *Infant!* rest—thy Cares are o'er,
 Thy little Heart shall throb no more:

Death, whom we dread, and strive to flee,
 Hath prov'd a kind, kind Friend to thee:

That tender Frame, disturb'd so oft,
 Shall now repose in Slumbers soft;
 The *Grave* a Bed of Roses prove,
 While Heav'n absorbs thy Soul in Love,

How great thy Gain! there's none can tell,
 (Escap'd the Snares of Earth and Hell)
 From Life's dull Scenes, to Heav'n convey'd,
 And in thy SAVIOUR'S Bosom laid.

CONGRATULATION:

— On the BIRTH of a SON and HEIR.

JOY! to the happy PAIR, in *Berwick's* Bowers,—
 Health!—and a long Increase of smiling Hours :
 Still, from your Groves (to all the Muses dear)
 May Love *connubial*, banish ev'ry Care :
 Still may new Raptures kindle in your Breast,
 Blest in *Yourselfes*, as in your OFFSPRING blest :
 For this the Muse, prophetically Wise,
 Extends to distant Days, her piercing Eyes,
 Views at one Glance, what *Glories* shall adorn,
 The future *Hero*—in the INFANT born,
 What rising Raptures ! shall your Breast inflame,
 To see your Honors, grafted on *his* Fame !
 This, sure, is Bliss !—and *Heaven* will crown the
 Deed,
 If *Education* sow the grateful Seed.

E P I T H A L A M I U M :

On the Marriage of R. R. Esq; to Miss K.

HYMEN! God of chaste Desires,
Come, with all thy winning Charms :
Come,—for Love and Truth inspires,—
Damon melts in Delia's Arms.

See! the rosy Cheeks of Morn'
Spread a Blush from East to West,
Pleas'd to see the Moment born,
That makes a constant Couple blest.

Joy! with all her smiling Train,
Clap their little fluttering Wings :
Damon! Sighs no more in vain,—
Delia whispers tender Things.

Cupids hovering round the *Pair*,
Give each balmy Breeze a Kiss,
Fragrant Odours fill the air,—
All is Rapture! all is Bliss!

Thus

Thus when Virtue, Truth, and Love,
Crown'd the first distinguish'd *Two*,
Angels left their Seats above,
Charm'd with them, as charm'd with YOU.

ODE, to COMPASSION.

(Occasioned by the Anniversary Meeting at the
Salop Infirmary, 1777.)

HAIL! charming Maid, whose melting Form,
First taught the tender Breast to Sigh;
Rais'd the soft Passions to a Storm,
And bid it burst in Pity's eye.

To thee, sweet Nymph, my Vows I pay,
On thee, my constant Steps attend;
More blest! thy Dictates to obey,
Than call Magnificence! my Friend.

But ah! how narrow is the Sphere,
In which (by Heaven) I'm doom'd to move!

This

This niggard Hand—must seem severe!

Tho' all my Soul expands with Love.

Not so the *rich*, the *generous* Train,

Blest with thy Smiles—and Fortune's too!

They feel thine Influence swell each Vein—

And what they feel! have Power to do,

Hence, to the *Pile* thy Genius plan'd—

With annual Joy! behold they flock:

Present their Gifts with liberal Hand

And glory! in the rising Stock.—

Nor less intent! the *healing* Train,

True to their mighty Master's * Fame!

Disease to check, to banish Pain,

And call back Life's expiring Flame.

But more than all—with holy Care,

Anxious! the drooping Soul to raise,

Duly the *sacred* Tribe repair,

And fill *Bethesda's* Walls with Praise!

* *Æsculapius*.

O!

O! be the Hour for ever blest!
 (For ever flourish! noble *Pile*)
 When sweet *Compassion* seiz'd the Breast,
 And *Pity* bid the wretched Smile,

E L E G Y:

Occasioned by the Death of the amiable Miss *E. R.*
 Who was interred near *Shrewsbury*.

IN yonder Grave, beneath those Cypress Trees,
 For ever waving o'er the slumb'ring Dead:
 Releas'd from Pain, from Sorrow, and Disease,
Eliza! once the Fair! reclines her Head.

But tho' the Scene at first, seems dark and drear,
 And sympathetic Nature shuns the Gloom:
 Yet know, that Angels make her Dust their Care,
 And ever watchful, hover round her Tomb.

In early Life the dread Commission came,
 Just as her Charms unfolded to our Eyes;
 Cut off each soft, each fond paternal Claim,
 And call'd the Virgin to her native Skies.

Dark

Dark as the Stroke to Reason may appear,
Yet Heaven in Pity sent the friendly Blow :
From all those various Ills remov'd the Fair,
“ Which Flesh is Heir to ” in this Vale of Woe.

Her's is the Gain! to 'scape the numerous Snares,
The Rocks and Quicksands of these dang'rous
Times :

Her's is the Bliss! to mount above the Stars,
And breathe, eternal, in celestial Climes.

Hence, learn ye Parents to suppress your Grief,
Wipe the big Tear that trembles on your Cheek ;
Attend to Hope—the offers kind Relief :—

And thus, methinks, I hear the Goddess speak ;

“ From this dull Spot of Earth extend your View,
Behold the Maid with Wreaths immortal crown'd ;
See, heavenly Beauties all her Form renew,
And Peace and Innocence her Steps surround.

No more shall Pain disturb her sacred Rest,
No more one Tear shall steal across her Eye,
But opening Raptures kindle in her Breast,
And all her Soul be fill'd with extacy!

While

While, to exalt her swelling Joys that rise!

Perhaps * his kindred Spirit she may know,
United once by Nature's tenderest Ties,

And whom, so late, she mourn'd in Tears below.

Now both in mutual Friendship sweetly join,

Nor can the strong, the lasting Cord be broke :
(Death overcome) the Union is divine!

Nor ever subject to a parting Stroke."

And you, ye Fair! the Pride of *Severn's* Stream,

Just in the Prime of Life, and Beauty's Bloom!

One serious Moment contemplate my Theme,

And learn Instruction at *Eliza's* Tomb.

So shall your growing Hours more smoothly glide,

And Virtue cheer you thro' each dreary Scene,

Exalt your Hopes, and bid your Fears subside :

In Life still happy!—and in Death serene!

* Her Brother, an amiable Youth, who died but a short
Time before her.

EXTEM-

E X T E M P O R E :

On the Death of the Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT,

EARL of CHATHAM.

SUCH was the Man! *Britannia* Mourns too late,
 Who fav'd his Country—on the Brink of Fate,
 Restor'd her Glory, aggrandiz'd her Name,
 And bade her live to everlasting Fame.

'Till, sad Reverse, the mighty Patriot saw
 Corruption spread, and *Minions* giving l-w,
 His country sinking in the Lethean Stream,
 His Councils slighted—and his Hopes a Dream.

'Twas then, ah! then, he heav'd the deep-felt Sigh!
 And *Britain's* Weal stood tremb'ling in his Eye,
 'Till quite o'ercome, he struck his pensive Breast,
 Blest the poor Isle—and sunk to endless Rest.

K

O D E

O D E to P I T Y.

O THOU! whose ever streaming Eye;
 And heaving Bosom can't be blest,
 'Till Sorrow's anguish'd Cheeks are dry,
 And Pain and Torture's lull'd to rest;
 Once more, O come! and on thy Wing,
 The dewy Drops of Comfort bring.

See! at thy Shrine—propitious Pile,*
 Where Mercy sits enthron'd in State;
 And sweet Compassion beams a Smile,
 O'er the sad Wrecks of Time and Fate,

See! what a croud of Vor'ries throng,
 To catch the Mandates of thy Tongue.

She hears, she comes, she stands display'd,
 In all her native Beauties drest,
 She comes to give the wretched Aid,
 And thaw the Ice in every Breast;

Each Bosom feels her soft Controul,
 And melting Passions seize the Soul.

Hence

* The Salop Infirmary.

(III)

Hence Virtue, Charity, and Love,
And all that dignify's the Plan,
Comes with her clust'ring from above,
And stamps the Happiness of Man.

To her soft Sway let Millions bend,
And be, to all Mankind a Friend.

E P I G R A M:

On reading a Publication, intituled, "*Tbelyphthora*."

MA—N! thy Scheme will never do—
One Wife is sure sufficient P——;

Why! persecute a Man with two?

The D——l and thee must be in League;

Or if (for still I'd hope the best)

Thy Creed enjoins Afflictions here,

In order to be doubly blest,

Beyond this World of Toil and Care.

Then! by thine own Example prove,

How much the Martyr thou canst act;

And at the Funeral of thy Love,

May twenty Wives proclaim the Fact.

ELEGIAC EXCLAMATION:

On the Death of Mr. T. T. Cartwright.

NIPT in thy Bud—yet still the Flower shall rise,
 In warmer Climes, beneath more genial Skies :
 There thy vast Mind (but Embryo here below)
 Shall spread its Powers, and to Perfection grow.
 Knowledge! that Source which nurs'd thy rising
 Thought,
 Shall ope' her Fountains and supply thy Draught:
 Disclose those Myst'ries which from Man are hid,
 And shew a Garden which no Fruits forbid.

There, till I meet thee in that blest Estate,
 Enjoy thy Raptures! but regard my Fate——
 For ah! what Ills, incessant and severe,
 Attend the Steps of erring Mortals here?
 Such is our Lot—Yet, when a Soul like thine,
 By Virtue form'd on Principles Divine,
 Can combat Error in the Dawn of Youth,
 And die a Martyr for eternal Truth.—
 Then beaming Glory, such as mark'd thy End,
 Proves Faith Triumphant! and all Heaven a Friend.

LINES,

L I N E S,

Which occurred to the Author in passing through
Underdale. Inscribed to the Miss *P*——s.

A MIDST the Sweets of *Underdale*,
Where Nature leads her rural Train;
Where Health comes wafted on each Gale,
And sober Pleasure holds her Reign.

Here! 'midst the Joys which Friendship yields,
Your tranquil Moments glide away;
Smooth as the Level of your Fields,
And cloudless as a Summer's Day.

Thus Blest, thus Happy—free from Care,
Save that which crowns your Bliss below;
—At Pity's Call to drop a Tear,
And ease the Breast surcharg'd with Woe.

'Tis thus, in soft Succession, roll
The Hours which Heaven throws down in Love;
All tending towards that peaceful Goal,
Where Virtue takes her Seat above.

And see!—Propitious to your View,
 Yon' second fair *Bethesda* * stands;
 Where Mercy sheds her healing Dew,
 And Gratitude lifts up her Hands.

O! may the Object strike the Heart
 Of each who treads in Fortune's Round;
 And not another Week depart,
 'Till Charity with Wreaths be crown'd:

* The Salop Infirmary.

E X T E M P O R E:

On viewing *Hawkstone*.

NO more!—Had I a *Pope*'s harmonious Powers,
 Should *Windsor*'s Forest rival *Hawkstone*'s
 Bowers;
 No more—tho' Kings her Royal Arbors grac'd,
 Should *HILL* be vanquish'd in the World of Taste:
 But ah! such Beauties all around me rise,
 I'm lost in Wonder! and Description dies.

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune—" *The Bird that hears,*" &c.

THE Lark, that tunes her early Song,
To hail the rising Day ;
Reproves the dull, th' ignoble Throng,
Who slumber Life away.

Forth, from her grassy Couch she springs,
And flutters off the Dew :
Then up to Heav'n she spreads her Wings,
And mocks the gazer's View.

Thus, shou'd the active Mind aspire,
Thus, nobly dare to rise !
'Till borne aloft, on Wings of Fire,
She mingles with the Skies.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.—To a Friend.

ONCE, my gay Friend, (but ah! the Hours are fled)

Serene and calm, my Moments roll'd away :
Like thee, in Pleasure's Path, 'twas mine to tread,
Dauntless of Danger, or a stormy Day.

No jealous Doubts—no boding Fears I knew,
My Heart, tho' tender, felt no flutt'ring Pain ;
Peace, o'er my Bosom, shed her balmy Dew,
And Joy's sweet Nectar, thrill'd in ev'ry Vein.
Till,—(O! that Love should be the Cause of Woe)

My Soul was pierc'd thro' every feeling Part :
Delia—I'll charge thee (wherefoe'er I go,)
With all the Wounds that tear my bleeding Heart,

Are these the Fruits of pure, unrival'd Love ?
What! cold Indifference for the warmest Flame?
Must my poor Bosom ev'ry Anguish prove,
Despair, can pour upon my tortur'd Frame ?

Ah! if 'tis so—let Nature seal my Doom,
And the last Languish, bid my Spirit fly :
Delia, perhaps, may one Day see my Tomb,
And common Pity, prompt the passing Sigh.

E X T E M P O R E :

On the Death of *John Mytton*, Esq.

O! *Mytton*—while to brighter Realms you soar,
 (The anxious Cares of Life for ever o'er)
 Cast down one Look—and see around thy Bier,
 What Crouds attendant, pour the heart-felt Tear :
 What Tides of Sorrow in one blended Stream,
 Roll o'er thy Memory, and embalm thy Name.

Can this be bitter ? No, 'tis Life, 'tis Gain !
 And all that's sad ! is the survivor's Pain ;
 For O ! thy Virtues form'd the finish'd Plan,
 Of all that's good, that's dignify'd in Man ;
 The Husband, Parent, and unshaken Friend,
 Lose half their Charms in thy lamented End :
 For where's the Man can equal Worth supply ;
 So much respected live ! —so honour'd die ?
 Hence oft around thy hallow'd Tomb shall throng,
 (When cold Oblivion shades my plaintive Song)
 A helpless Train—and by their Blessings prove,
 How vast thy Bounty, and how great their Love.

E P I T A P H.

IF honest Nature, void of Art,
 If pure Simplicity of Heart—
 If Love of Truth, wherever found,
 And Faith, with certain Vict'ry crown'd :
 If lively Hope and Joy serene,
 E'er gilded Life's last setting Scene—
 If these !—are Flow'rs shall ever bloom,
 Then see them rise from * *Podmore's* Tomb.

• Late Master of Millington's Hospital.



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